



4. The dogs barked and there was a clatter as a crowd of people rushed into the room. But before they could reach the princess, she lay on the soft bed and went to sleep.

5. Several tried to get to her, but each of them stopped in mid-stride. All present in the room began to yawn, even the dogs, and their feet seemed as though glued to the floor.



6. In the throne-room, the King and Queen were talking to the Prime Minister, when a feeling of tiredness came over them. "Pardon me," the Minister mumbled. "I cannot keep my eyes open."



7. It was the same all over the Palace, even in the kitchens, where the Royal cooks and serving-maids were on the point of preparing the lunch. They halted what they were doing and fell asleep.

8. Even the young minstrel boy, who played sweet and soothing music, had never soothed anyone off to sleep as quickly as this. The wicked magic was working and the whole Palace became quiet.

What will happen in the sleeping Palace? More of this lovely story next week.



1. **The Hare.** This animal, bigger than a rabbit and able to run much faster, does not live in a burrow. Their babies (called leverets) are born in a grass shelter above ground.



2. **The Weasel.** Although this little animal, with its sleek, pointed head looks very charming, it is one of the fiercest of its family, which includes the stoat.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. Here, this week, is another collection of wild animals of Europe.

All Sorts of



5. **The Fox.** With its reddish coat and white-tipped tail, the fox is well-known—but is not often seen. It likes to come out and feed at night and is clever at hiding itself.



6. **The Hedgehog.** This prickly creature is rather timid, and likes to prowl around looking for insects to eat. When attacked, it can roll itself into a ball of sharp prickles.



3. **The Deer.** Often seen in parks and the gardens of big houses, deer are delightful animals. The male, called a stag, looks very proud with his fine set of antlers.



4. **The Polecat.** About twice as big as a weasel, polecats are believed to be closely related to ferrets. They feed on rabbits, voles and frogs (and chickens when the farmer is not looking).

Wild Animals of Europe



7. **The Grey Squirrel.** It is seen much more often than its cousin, the Red Squirrel. When it is sitting, nibbling at an acorn or a nut, it uses its bushy tail to keep its balance. The grey squirrels which live in our parks will come to humans and take food from them.



8. **The Wild Boar.** You will not see one of these animals running wild in Great Britain any more, but they can be found in France, Spain and other countries of Europe. They have long snouts.



BRER RABBIT

This week: Brer Bear Hunts for Honey. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW one day, when Brer Rabbit had been sitting thinking, he started to feel mighty cross. Mighty cross indeed, he felt.

"Brer Fox and Brer Bear and Brer Wolf really are too bad," thought Brer Rabbit. "All they think about all day long is how they can catch me to turn me into rabbit stew. I wish I could teach each one of them a lesson, really I do."

So when, later on that day, Brer Rabbit saw Brer Bear walking past, Brer Rabbit didn't feel kindly disposed towards him at all.

In fact Brer Rabbit felt like playing a trick on Brer Bear, if he could only get the chance.

Now, with his sharp little eyes, Brer Rabbit noticed that Brer Bear had a sack over his shoulder.

So Brer Rabbit galloped up to the roadside and said in a mighty polite voice:

"Howdy, Brer Bear."

"Howdy," replied Brer Bear.

"How are Mrs. Bear and the family?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Fair to middling, thank you," replied Brer Bear.

Then Brer Rabbit looked at the sack over Brer Bear's shoulder and said, "What have you in that sack, Brer Bear?"

"None of your business," replied Brer Bear.

Of course, that made Brer Rabbit burn to know what was in the sack even more.

"If you tell me what is in the sack, then I will tell you where you can find some honey," said Brer Rabbit.

Of course, Brer Rabbit knew that Brer Bear just loved honey.

"Will you really?" asked Brer Bear.

"Yes, sir!" answered Brer Rabbit.

And Brer Bear thought to himself, "Well, I suppose it won't hurt to tell Brer Rabbit what is in the sack." So then Brer Bear said:

"In the sack are some fish that I caught from the lake this morning. And if you think you are going to have some of them, well, you're not."

Brer Rabbit tried to look innocent.

"I wasn't thinking of taking your fish at all," he said.

But, of course, he was.

"Now tell me about the honey then," said Brer Bear.

"Well, you know that wood surrounded by mountains over there? Well, if you look for the very middle tree, you will find some bees living there and in the tree you will find a hole full of lovely, sweet honey."

Off went Brer Bear at once, but of course, he took his sack with him. So can you guess who followed Brer Bear?—Brer Rabbit, of course.

Now as Brer Rabbit well knew, it is really impossible in a large wood to say which is the middle tree exactly. Every tree seemed to be in the middle of other trees.

Up and down tree after tree went Brer Bear, looking for the honey.

And of course, in the end, he grew tired of carrying the sack of fish with him.

"Phew!" sighed Brer Bear, setting the sack down at the foot of a tree. "I will leave the sack here this time. There is no one about who will take it."

But Brer Bear was wrong. While he was up the tree Brer Rabbit nipped forward and took the sack, fish and all.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! A nice fish supper for me tonight," laughed Brer Rabbit, as he raced off.

But he laughed too loudly.

"Why, you rascal!" shouted Brer Bear, starting to rush down the tree.

But Brer Bear tried to hurry too much and he got stuck in the fork of the tree—and by the time he got free, Brer Rabbit was safely away.

Brer Rabbit is a naughty little chap with all his tricks, isn't he?

There will be another story about Brer Rabbit next week.





Fun With Numbers



Here is a happy family of dogs having a look at what the rest of the world is doing. Can you answer the counting questions? The answers are given below.



A. They're playing follow-my-leader. How many grown-up dogs? How many puppies? How many altogether?



B. At the pond they see some ducks. How many ducks can you count?



C. How many grown-up rabbits are there? How many baby rabbits? How many rabbits altogether?



D. Jane and Peter are playing skittles. Jane knocks three down. How many skittles are still standing?



E. There's only one bone between all the dogs. One half of them can have a bit at one time. How many is that?

Answers: A = 3, B = 8, C = 2 + 4 = 6, D = 5, E = 3.



This is a memory test. When you have read the story carefully, turn to page 16 and there you will find some questions. You can have fun trying to answer the questions.

All About Pigs

THIS little girl, whose name is Mary, lives on a farm. Of all the farm animals, she likes her baby pigs the best. Do you know what baby pigs are called? They are called piglets.

Mary knows all about pigs. For example, she knows that people of certain religions think that the pig is "unclean" and unfit for human food. Therefore, they refuse to eat it.

The pig, however, if left in its natural state, is a very clean animal indeed. It will not live in mud and dirt if this can be avoided. Also, although a lot of people think the pig is greedy, it is no more greedy than any other animal.

Mary can tell you that the pig is descended from the wild boar of Europe. You can see a picture of one on page 5. Once upon a time, about 250 years ago, there

were wild boars in England, but there are none left. There are lots of wild boars, though, still at large in Italy and other countries in Europe. They are very fierce animals indeed.

Wild boars have long snouts, for seeking out tasty roots under the soil. Their babies are very attractive creatures and are born with handsome striped coats, but they lose the markings as they grow older.

Another relation of the pig is the warthog, which many people think is the ugliest of all animals. A warthog has a big head, with fierce tusks and a face decorated with warts and knobs. It certainly is not very pretty.

Do you know which animal is the biggest of all the pig family? You might be surprised to learn that it is the hippo-

potamus, which can weigh as much as a ton and a half. Huge and clumsy-looking, the hippo is really a gentle animal if left alone and spends most of its time in the rivers of Africa.

Every part of the pig is useful to us—the meat for food, and the fat, which we call lard, for cooking. Brushes are made out of the bristles, and gloves and handbags are made out of the skins.

The pig grows very fat when it is kept on a farm because, of course it is being fattened for food. It must be kept in rather a small sty, because if it were allowed to roam around it would become very wiry and thin.

Pig-meat is called pork. Mary knows what a male pig and a female pig are called. Do you? They are called a hog and a sow.

Silver Moon

HOPING to cure beautiful Silver Moon, a Chinese princess who had a strange illness and was not able to sleep, the gnomes Pik and Pok had carried out a clever plan. Being two little magic-makers from the Moon, they were able to collect a likeness of Silver Moon and carry it on a silken cloud from China to the far country of India.

There, in a golden palace on the banks of the River Ganges, they floated into the bedroom of Prince Amon, while he was asleep, and put the lovely vision of Silver Moon into his dreams.

In the morning when Prince Amon awoke, his mind was still full of the princess he had dreamed about.

"I must go to her—I have a feeling that she needs me," he said. Which, of course, was just what Pik and Pok wanted him to say.

From a distance, the little magic-makers of the Moon watched as Prince Amon went at once to see his father, a kindly King, who ruled his land wisely and well, and who loved his son more than all the treasures of the Earth.

"My good father," began Prince Amon, "I have come to beg that you will grant me a very great favour."

"What is it?" asked the King. "Do you wish for money or jewels?"

"No, I have no need of such things," said the handsome prince. "I only need



your permission to make a journey to the country they call China."

The King frowned and looked sad.

"My son, ever since you were born, you have been very precious to me," he replied. "For that reason, I made a vow that you would always stay as near to me as possible. Are you restless that you want to leave me? Are you unhappy? Are you bored? Can I offer you some other amusement—a new white horse with a saddle of finest leather, decorated with gold?"

"You have always given me wonderful gifts, father," said Prince Amon, shaking his head. "But the greatest gift of all would be your blessing on my journey to China. Last night I had a dream, in which it seemed that two blue gnomes from a strange land brought me a vision so lovely that I can hardly describe its beauty. It was a vision of the most beautiful princess I have ever seen. I even know her name, for it came whispering down on the moonbeams coming through the window of my room. Her name is Silver Moon, and I know that I must go to her. She needs me by her side."

"It may be a long and dangerous sort of journey," said the King. "There are mountains and rivers and deserts to cross before China can be reached. You will be frozen by the ice of the snow-covered peaks, drenched by crossing the rivers and burned by the fierce sun of the deserts."

He paused to look at Prince Amon. He saw no fear in the eyes of his son. In fact, he saw only a look that showed his courage and pride.

"Very well," he went on. "You may start your journey to the land of Silver Moon, my son, and may you be well protected and rewarded."

Next week, Prince Amon sets out with Pik and Pok to find Silver Moon.



The Stone Fountain



1. Once upon a time, a sweet young water-sprite lived in a clear forest pool. Every day she would see a handsome young woodsman go by on his way to work, and she would wish that she was mortal, for the more she looked at him the more she fell in love.



2. But fairy creatures must not love mortals, and when the Queen sprite found out, she was very angry, although she did not show it. "You may marry him on one condition," she said. "You must entice him into your pool."



3. So the next time the woodsman passed, the sprite caused the pool to look so cool and inviting that he took off his boots and stepped into it to refresh himself. He was at once changed into a stone fountain standing in the middle of the water.



4. The water-sprite was heart-broken, and every day came up out of the water to weep and lament over the woodsman, and so bitter was her sobbing that he heard her, even though he was made of stone. But, of course, he could not speak and tell her so.



5. One day a passing magician asked the water-sprite why she wept, and she told him. Now, the magician had quarrelled with the Queen, and also his magic was the stronger. So, to annoy her, he decided to help the sprite.



6. "I can release your woodsman," he said, "but to break the spell you, too, must become mortal, and leave your home in the forest." At this the water-sprite's heart failed her and she shrank back at the awful thought of leaving the pool.



7. Her beloved pool was the only home she had, and although, once mortal, she could marry the woodsman, she knew that he must surely hate her after all he had suffered because of her. But bravely she answered, "Because I love him, I agree."



8. So the magician said the words of the spell to release the woodsman, and as the statue stirred and came to life the water-sprite turned and went sadly into the forest, wandering aimlessly hither and thither, feeling quite lost in a strange world.



9. Soon she heard footsteps behind her and, turning, saw the woodsman hurrying towards her. "Please," he cried, "don't run away. I never blamed you for what happened. Indeed, I have fallen deeply in love with you. So you must not leave me."



10. And so it was that the happy water-sprite married the handsome woodsman and never regretted that once she could have lived forever—although sometimes, passing the forest pool on her way to take her husband his dinner, she would sigh—but just a little.



Do your mummy and daddy take you to visit your grandfather and grandmother? And when they do, do your grandparents always greet you with hugs and kisses? We are sure they do. Well, it has always been like that. Grandparents have always

loved their grandchildren very much indeed. This beautiful picture, painted by the artist C. L. Doughty, shows you the arrival of a happy family for the summer holidays, 100 years ago. Just look at the loving smiles of the grandparents as they welcome their grandchildren.

**Beautiful
Paintings**

Another Prehistoric Monster



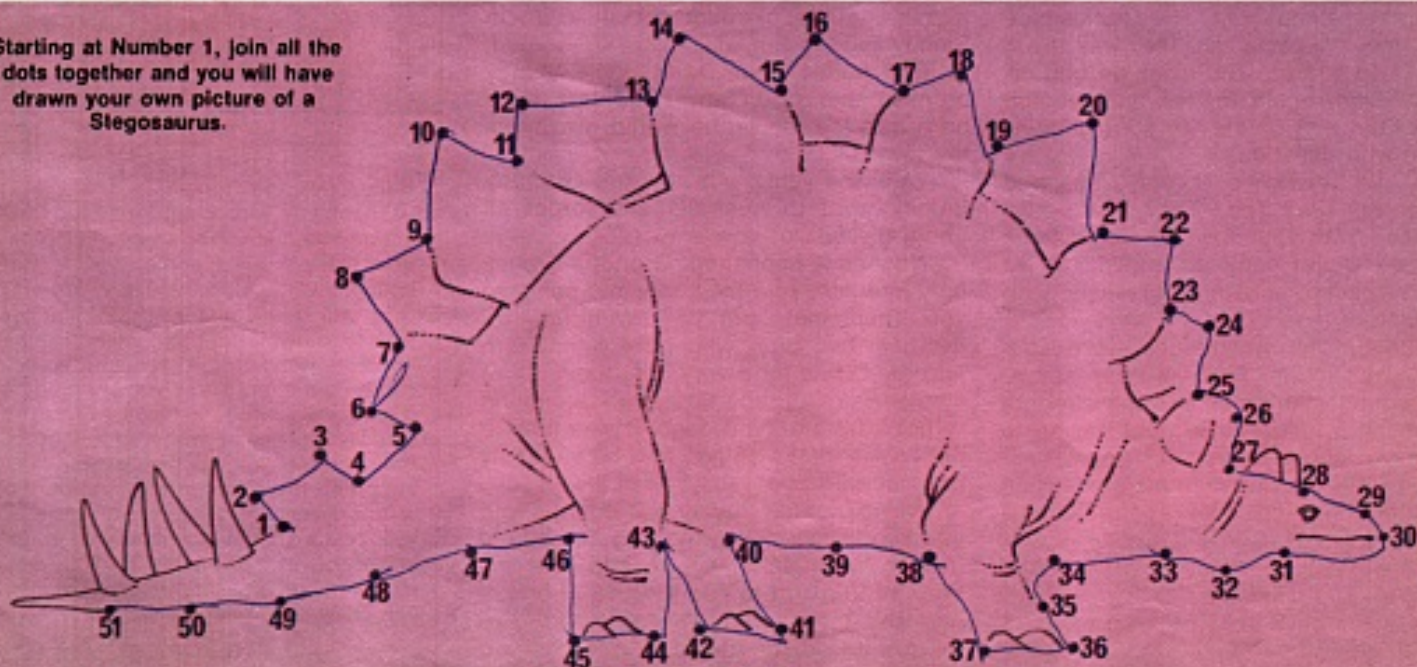
This huge animal once lived on Earth, but it died out many millions of years ago. The name given to this big fellow is Stegosaurus (say "Steg-oh-sawr-us). They measured anything from 13 feet to 32 feet long.

It looks a fearsome creature, doesn't it? In fact, the Stegosaurus was a harmless animal. It did not kill other animals for food, and

lived on grasses and leaves. An animal that eats grasses and leaves is called a herbivore (say "herb-i-vor").

The high back of the Stegosaurus was protected by large bony shields, as you can see. Its tail had two pairs of bony spines. It was so heavy that it could not move very fast. If attacked by a fierce monster, however, its sharp spines protected it very well indeed.

Starting at Number 1, join all the dots together and you will have drawn your own picture of a Stegosaurus.





THE TOWN MOUSE

AND THE Country Mouse

More about the mysterious visitor. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW if you read the town mouse and country mouse story last week, you will remember that both Winifred, the country mouse, and Stephanie, the town mouse, received letters from Australia, asking them to be on the village green on Saturday the 10th.

Of course, both the mice were filled with curiosity and hurried to the village green on the Saturday, wondering what they would see.

What they did see was a handsome, sunburnt young mouse, wearing an Australian hat, stepping down from a magnificent motor car and saying to them:

"I have a mysterious message for you from Australia."

"How thrilling!" gasped Stephanie. "Well, get on with it. Tell us the message."

Winifred was shocked.

"Our Stephanie!" she gasped. "How can you be so impatient? Here is this nice young mouse come all the way from Australia to see us. The least we can do is to ask him home for tea and let him have a little rest before we start badgering him with questions."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" snapped Stephanie. "Tea! Tea! Tea! That's all I ever hear from you. Anyone would think the world would come to an end, if we didn't all keep choking ourselves with nice cups of tea."

"I thought all Australians were supposed to be tough. Well, all I can say is, if this young man can't find the strength to give me a message without having to drink a cup of tea to keep him going, then Captain Cook was wasting his time, when he bothered to discover Australia, anyway!"

The Australian mouse smiled and looked at Stephanie.

"You must be Steve, the town mouse," he said.

"How did you guess?" asked Stephanie, but she smiled as well, because she

liked being called Steve. It sounded smarter than Stephanie.

Of course, the Australian mouse had recognised Stephanie because he had been told of her snappy way of talking, but he said:

"I recognised you because of your lovely clothes—and I know that this other young lady mouse must be Winifred because of her kind face."

Well, after that they were all friends.

And they did go back to Winifred's house for tea.

Over the chocolate cake, the Australian mouse told his story.

"My name is Horace," he said, "but my friends call me Digger."

Poor Stephanie winced.

"Why do all my relatives turn out to have such dreadful names!" she sighed. "If any of my friends tried to call me 'Digger', they wouldn't stay friends for long, I can tell you."

Then Horace went on:

"Your Great Uncle Sidney, who went to Australia, is my grandfather. Now apparently before Grandpa Sidney left for Australia he made a promise to Great Auntie Hilda, his sister.

"You see, Great Auntie Hilda didn't have any children so Auntie Hilda put all her beautiful rings and necklaces in a strong box and asked Uncle Sidney to hide them in the loft of his cottage. Which was in England, of course, because Uncle Sidney lived in England then.

"And Auntie Hilda made Uncle Sidney promise that when any daughters were born into the family, he would give them the jewels.

"Well, the years went by and Grandpa Sidney went to Australia and forgot all about the box of jewels.

"Now as it happened, Grandpa Sidney only had sons and they only had sons, so you, Stephanie, and you, Winifred, are the only two girls who have been born into the family for a very long time.

"Well as Grandpa Sidney is beginning to get a bit old, he thought it was time to get all his affairs settled and he suddenly remembered about the box of jewels.

"Now Grandpa Sidney had heard about you two from letters written to him by old friends in England, so he has sent me back to England to find the box of jewels and give them to you two girls and keep the promise made to Auntie Hilda."

Winifred and Stephanie were thrilled.

"How lovely of you to go to all that

bother," said Winifred. "I hope you will stay on with me for a holiday while you are here."

But Stephanie just pulled on her gloves and said "Well, fetch the box then, and I will be able to get back to town in time to order some dresses to match the colours of the jewels."

But then Horace said, "I'm afraid things are not as easy as that. Grandpa Sidney is rather old and he couldn't remember exactly where he had hidden the jewels, or even where his cottage was. He only sent this message:

"Tell the girls the cottage wasn't the same as its name and the box was hidden over the gurgles."

"I don't know about being a mysterious message," snorted Stephanie. "I should call it half-witted myself, but I suppose we shall have to puzzle it out."

Read about the meaning of the message next week.

These are the questions about the memory test on page 9. See if you can answer them. You can re-read the story to see if you have answered correctly.

1. What is the little girl's name?
2. Were there ever wild boars in England?
3. Why is a pig kept in a rather small sty?
4. What is pig-meat called?
5. What are a male pig and a female pig called?

Hello Boys and Girls—

Thank you very much for all the lovely letters you are writing to me. I also hear from many parents, some of whom have bought "Once Upon A Time" from the very first issue, and who say that they like to have it in the house for their children. Reading the stories at bedtime can be great fun, and if you are going on a long car journey it helps to pass the time in a pleasant way. We are now in the middle of August, with people hurrying along the roads in the cars on their way to seaside or country places. When you reach a place which you do not know, please be extra careful when walking and crossing roads. Wherever you go, have a happy time!

Your friend,
The Editor.





JASON AND THE *Golden Fleece*

JASON, the brave young prince of Greece, had been set three tasks to do before he could ever hope to reach the Golden Fleece. The first task was to tame two great fire-breathing bulls, which could shrivel a man to a burnt cinder with one puff of their flaming breath. The second was to yoke the bulls to a plough and cut furrows into the earth, into which he had to sow a basketful of dragon's teeth. The third task was to fight against a regiment of armed warriors, who would grow suddenly out of the ground wherever the dragon's teeth were sown.

There was really a fourth danger to be overcome at the sacred tree where the precious Golden Fleece hung upon a branch, but Jason did not have any fear of it.

"I am not worried about the dragon that guards the sacred tree," he told Medea, the daughter of the King of Colchis. "I know how to deal with such monsters. But, alas, I do not know how to manage the fire-breathing bulls."

"Do not be afraid of them, Jason," said Princess Medea. "I have a magic ointment, which will stop you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

She put a golden box into his hand, told him to rub the powerful ointment on himself, and to meet her again at midnight.

"Be brave," she added, "and before the break of day, the fiery bulls shall be tamed."

So at midnight, after he had rubbed the magic ointment on himself, Jason met Medea on the marble steps of the King's palace. She gave him a basketful of dragon's teeth, then led him through the quiet streets of the city, into the field where the two bulls were kept.